

## **This Or The Apocalypse "Geist"**

Visit "[Geist](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

This is it, all we've worked for  
Foreign and cold to the touch  
The freeze and they do burn  
These silent indications  
Only we could keep them under control  
You breath an ordained smoke  
Please don't blow it towards me  
Or hold my hands and tell me I am worthy of something  
withstanding

In short and uneasy motions  
We let our youth just slip away to fill a giant urn  
Revived within ourselves in symphony and song  
With limbs like lifeless tools, darting towards the sun

I shot dead the only one we had to guide us home  
Through fog-smoke white, no starlit sky  
Nor dim nor red, just an idle painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean  
We're glowing again  
I shot dead the only one we had to guide us home

Thoughts unhelped by the wind  
In solitude they down

I have carried them  
I, though silent, I am your brother

Weaving circles [x3]  
Around our hearts  
Weaving circles  
Inaudible as dreams of that eternal language we  
commit to

We commit to

I have carried them  
I though silent,

I am your brother [x4]

This is it, all we've worked for

Foreign and cold to the touch  
And everything we gave has tied us unto this earth  
Quietly shining bold  
And I am your brother

Visit [This Or The Apocalypse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.